CHARLES MALIK "MANIFESTO FOR THE WEST"

the

Commonweal

ERNST KARL WINTER

LORDS AND MASTERS, M. D.

SERGE HUGHES

MATISSE AS A RELIGIOUS ARTIST

DORIS GRUMBACH

JOHN W. SIMONS

may 9

volume LVI, number 5, 1952

15 CENTS

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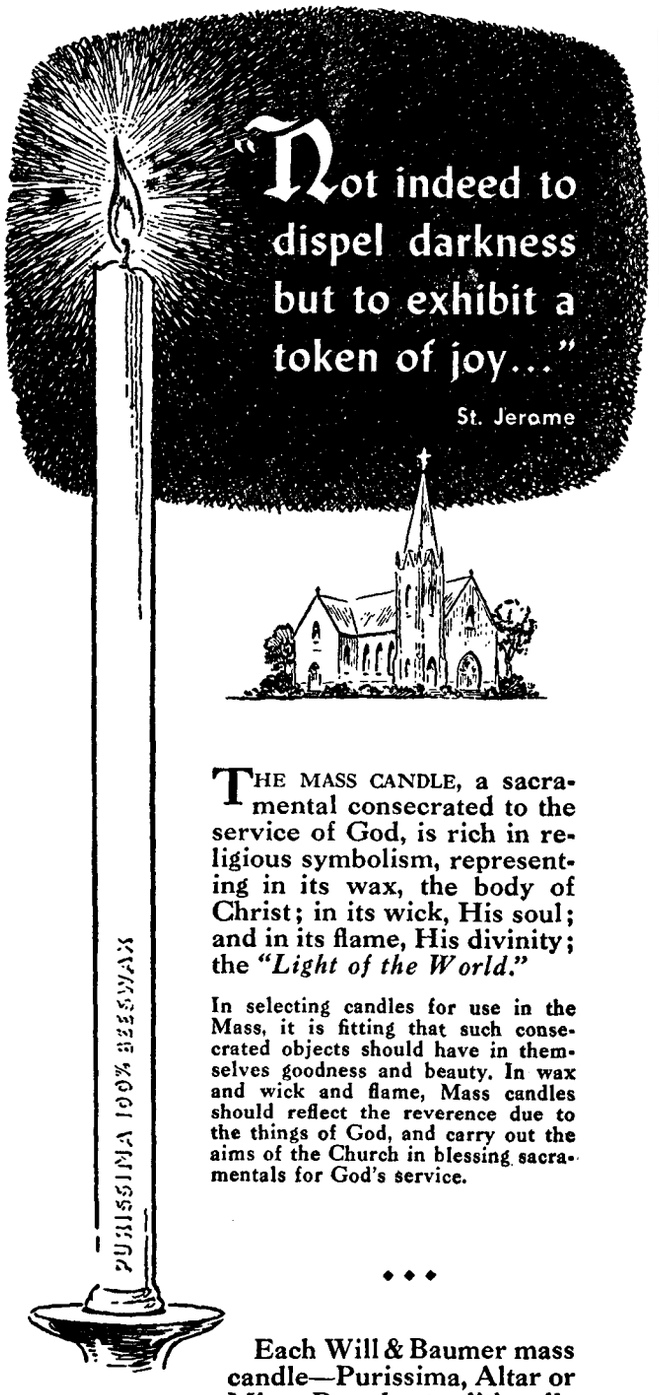

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1952, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

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THE Commonweal

week by week

THE WAR IN KOREA

FOR the State-side spectator, one of the most puzzling aspects of the Korean war has been the on-again, off-again quality of the truce negotiations. One week the peace negotiators blow hot, the next week the climate is frigid again. Add to this the peculiarly sporadic nature of the fighting, and the net result for most Americans is probably a sort of confused anger. This, the feeling seems to be, is not the way to fight a war.

In the light of our history to date, it is hard to argue with this sentiment. We in the United States have no national experience with warfare of the type in which we are now engaged. For us war has always been the final catastrophe, the disaster that results when normal diplomatic relations prove an abysmal failure. When worst comes to worst and war does strike, we concentrate our efforts on the task of getting the war over with as quickly as possible so that we can get back to normal international relations.

Now our problem is that the traditional approach to war no longer fits the world situation. Modern history has disproved the old adage that it takes two to make a quarrel. The unpleasant truth is that it takes two to make peace, but any nation with sufficient power can impose upon the rest of the world a pattern of armaments and war at will. War is easily achieved; peace is harder to come by.

Today we are faced with an adversary to whom war and the threat of war are normal parts of foreign policy. To the Soviet, military force does not represent the failure of policy but is itself an integral part of policy. War is as much a standard weapon in Soviet diplomacy as her courtship of still-neutral nations, her calculated fluctuations between obstructionism and cooperation in the United Nations, and the cultivation of domestic subversion within target nations.

This essential difference between our national attitudes on war poses special problems for the United States, amply illustrated by the truce negotiations in Korea. To the Communists Korea is simply one chip in a global gamble for high stakes. A truce there will never be considered solely in itself, but will always be viewed against a backdrop of Soviet ambitions all over the world. It is, for instance, quite possible that success or failure in the Korean truce talks will hinge as much on the chances for German unity or on China's intentions toward Indochina as on anything that will be said or done in Korea.

Frustrated by the devious maneuvers of the Communists, people in the United States long for some definite action. We are eager to seize the initiative. But at the same time we are anxious to avoid extending the present confines of the war, and in this anxiety even more is involved than the very real fear that the wrong move might set off World War III.

People do talk of an invasion of China, but the sober truth is that we do not now have the striking force and equipment necessary to mount an assault on such a scale. In addition, we fear that in making any such move the United States would be expending its strength without striking even one blow at the prime enemy.

FOR traditionally impatient Americans, lacking any national precedent for such a situation, adjusting to the inflexible pattern imposed by such facts will take some doing. It may be easier if we keep in mind that military action like that in Korea is only one part of our over-all policy of coping with Communist aggressive intentions.

In many respects Korea represents a vital military holding operation, designed to check the enemy while we build up our strength. In the past Marshall Plan aid helped restore much of the vigor to the war-ravaged countries of Europe; now the Mutual Security Administration is strengthening those countries even further against the threat of internal or external attack.

Once we have been able to neutralize the military striking power of the Soviet and her satellites, we will have less fear for the future. Given an equal chance between East and West we are confident that free men will cast their lot with us. It is to this task

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of making that choice really free that we are now devoting our energies.

In the meantime we should not discount what has been accomplished in Korea. At the very least the challenge successfully met there wakened the nation to the extent of its peril. Our soldiers have fought to a standstill enemy forces which were numerically vastly superior, and by our stand we have served effective notice on the Soviet that in the future there will be no Munichs, no Czechoslovakias, no cheap victories. All this adds up to a major accomplishment, regardless of the ultimate outcome of the Korean truce negotiations.

A-BOMBS AND DISARMAMENT

THE detonation high above Yucca Flat, Nevada, has led to new attempts to assess the general prospect in view of the threat to men constituted by atomic weapons. Actually the burden of the comment does not indicate whether the likelihood of our being visited with wholesale destruction is increasing or the reverse.

Take, for instance, the trend toward smaller bombs. This may mean that specifically military objects will take the place of large cities as targets for projected bombing raids. Of course the production of tactical weapons in the form of smaller A-bombs does not sweep away the stock-piles of larger bombs capable of laying waste large areas. What is possible is that the threat to Soviet airfields, ammunition dumps, tank parks, bridges and communications would be figured as a sufficient deterrent to concentrate our atomic production on smaller tactical weapons. If atomic warfare were no longer contemplated in terms of mutual destruction of principal cities, it would mark a certain progress.

The "baby A-bomb" is not yet available. The maneuvers among the sagebrush, cactus and Joshua trees of Yucca Flat were more significant as a forecast than an actuality. The sham battle disclosed that many factors still remain to be determined. But one general just in from that mountainous terrain had an eye to the future when he spoke of the atom bomb as added firepower and referred to it as "just one of our tactical weapons."

Yet there is a serious drawback to this new and projected role of atom weapons. It makes for increasing difficulties in the matter of international control. American armed forces have had an atomic weapon manual for the past six months, and it is now proposed to make it available for our allies overseas. It will become increasingly difficult to disentangle such weapons from the normal battery of armaments.

Atomic weapon control no doubt constitutes the key to disarmament in general. For the A-bomb provides such a swift and devastating means of attack or retaliation that its control comes first in the order of urgency. It is therefore heartening that at this very moment American delegates at the UN are pressing for a census of armaments with a view to their limitation and control. This would take place through a series of five stages that would spread over one or two years. The ultimate objective would be to reduce things to the point where no nation would have the arms to embark on a war.

Atomic weapon controls can hardly be considered independently of the broader field of disarmament in general; likewise disarmament cannot be achieved without relating it to the more comprehensive picture. Wars break out as much because of injustices, envy and the desperation aroused by unendurable privation, and real and supposed national affronts as from the ambitions of political adventurers who exploit the resentments of their peoples. It is in this sense that the fostering of truly human living conditions in the world is itself a most potent means of working for disarmament.

NEXT WEEK

MARTIN TURNELL writes on baroque art and poetry for the Spring Book Issue.

"The Counter-Reformation made one distinctive contribution to religious art. The brilliant, ornate churches, the statues of saints swooning in ecstasy with distorted features and writhing limbs, the poetry where an immense exuberance threatens to burst through language, was the last conscious attempt to hold the balance between spirit and flesh. It was intended not merely to startle and impress, not merely as a protest against the gloomy iconoclasm of the Protestant North, but to attract the unbeliever into the gay fantastic churches to marvel in the hope that he would remain to pray."

MORE CRIME

THE Federal Bureau of Investigation, on the basis of local police records, for which it does not necessarily vouch, has issued a coldly statistical report for the last calendar year which shows that serious crimes in the United States were up five per cent over 1950. This rate exceeds our annual population increase.

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What is there about the present day that makes for crime? The feeling of release of the immediate postwar years has long since ended. The past year was, however, notable for its revelations of corruption, particularly on the part of men in public office. What has been revealed about venality in our local, state and federal government has not sustained public morale—except for the individuals who have been irked to the point of vigorous personal action in the political arena.

Crime the nation over continues to be a puzzle. It cannot be wholly explained by environment, personal resentment against wealth or society, passion, racial discrimination or the youthful urge for a thrill. It cannot be convincingly ascribed simply to violence on the screen, TV or radio, or to gory comic books. All these things may play important parts.

But the fact that there were nearly two million major crimes in this prosperous country last year—not counting such offenses as embezzlement, concealed weapons and arson—should make us ponder. To what extent is the American home responsible? (Although the proportion of youthful offenders is startling, the great majority of them did not come from broken homes.) The nation's schools must also bear a share of the responsibility and one that is not entirely explained in terms of education without religion. Both rural and city neighborhoods have their responsibilities here, too.

In fact, as we survey the present incidence of crime in these United States, it is virtually impossible to think of anyone or any agency that must not take a share of the blame.

THE EISENHOWER CANDIDACY

SEVERAL weeks ago Representative Clayton Powell send a memorandum to General Eisenhower in which he asked him to state his views on the controversial issue of civil rights legislation. The General declined this opportunity of making his position known, claiming that his pressing military duties had left him insufficient time for studying the issues involved.

This incident has been quickly followed by the long list of questions which followers of Senator Taft addressed to the General. The Taft men want him to let the nation know where he stands on a number of problems, some more weighty and real than others. At this point General Eisenhower has made no reply to these earnest efforts to smoke him out, and we can be reasonably sure that any reply which he may make will avoid specific and final commitments. He is obviously determined that, until he lays his uniform aside, he will refuse to become involved in the bitterness of partisan issues.

This has much to recommend it. In the General's own words, when a man puts on the uniform, he accepts certain inhibitions. The spectacle of a uniformed General actively engaged in unashamedly partisan politics is one which we have seen much of during the past year, and, for many of us, it has not been a particularly heartening spectacle. We therefore sympathize with General Eisenhower's "inhibitions."

The admirable restraint which Dwight D. Eisenhower shows in this instance is an example of the dignified virtue and tact which leads so many Americans to "like Ike." It also makes many of them more eager than ever for his speedy return home so that, his military service being completed, he can frankly speak his mind on such specific questions as have already been put to him. The public must believe that he does have clear views on these issues, but only after he makes them known will many voters be able to decide whether their warm-hearted but rather vague liking for Ike can be extended to a more concrete liking for candidate Eisenhower.

The point is that until the General speaks inhibitions must be felt on more sides than one. General Eisenhower, quite rightly in our view, is at this time maintaining his aloofness from the issues which divide the country. But because of this many Americans must reserve certain inhibitions for themselves. They can perhaps feel reasonably certain that their liking for Eisenhower will continue even after he has spoken, but if they then find that they cannot go along with him on major questions of domestic policy they will probably think of him as the most likable rejected candidate they have ever known.

General Eisenhower could probably never stoop to the kind of inflated demagogy which other Generals have adopted as a vocation. Even if he should be persuaded, in the interests of political expediency, to embrace the know-nothings in his own party, he would probably do it with such a winning grin that many people would know he didn't really mean it, and forgive him, even though they could not then vote for him.

The big danger in all of this is the feeling, expressed by some of the General's most ardent admirers, that the domestic issues don't really matter. For many they matter to the extent that they cannot make a commitment to an Eisenhower candidacy prior to their knowing his mind on them. General Eisenhower must maintain his inhibitions for a few more weeks—and so others must maintain theirs too. After that, the question posed by the followers of Senator Taft will be in order.

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Actions and Reactions

WITHIN the last few days the newspapers have carried the story of an Italian Jesuit priest's "conversion" to Communism. Father Alighiero Tondi, who until very recently was vice-director of the Institute of Higher Religious Culture attached to the Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome, created a small sensation when he announced he was ready to take his place at the side of the Reds.

It was, of course, a shocking piece of news. One can easily understand how a priest, how anyone, can fail to find the courage within himself to stand up and be counted after the Marxists take over his country. But that kind of defection is not so significant as Father Tondi's. Italy is not a Communist country, and it is quite probable that Father Tondi stands to lose rather than gain by his conversion.

It just happens that when I first heard of Father Tondi's conversion I was reading Whittaker Chambers' book *Witness*. If he does nothing else, Mr. Chambers makes clear the sweeping appeal of Marxism. His words are like an echo of Father Victor White's, who wrote in these pages a few weeks ago: "When all has been said of the brutality of its leaders, of secret police and labor camps, of denunciations and purges and liquidations, the fact must be faced that Marxist Communism inspires in millions a conviction, a faith and a hope, an enthusiasm and self-abnegation, a sense of release and solidarity—which even the Pope, in his Christmas Allocation, contrasted with the bewildered disillusion of youth in the 'free world.' "

Why this emphasis on the appeal of Communism? Because it is something, I think, that we tend to underrate or, worse yet, to deny, by snide, sneering remarks about "intellectuals" and social idealists. This is the weakest spot in the armor of the more vocal anti-Communists.

In their fury against Communism they find themselves denying or belittling the truth that is in Communism—the perverted religious and intellectual values that give it its strong appeal. It is on these very grounds that the Christian idea and, yes, the democratic idea too can put up its best defenses. But from the strident note of frustration in so much anti-Communism one would think that Christians and democrats were without resources with which to meet the genuine needs that Marxism pretends to answer.

During the heyday of native Communism and fellow-traveling, professional anti-Communism stood for a kind of threatening anti-intellectualism, while Communism itself, or at least a general sympathy for the cause, gained a far-reaching intellectual respectability in this country.

Unfortunately it was then true, as it still is, that attacks on Communism were often linked with attacks on the intellect itself. It is no accident that Communism managed to win the loyalty of so many intellectuals who, I suspect, were in some measure originally driven from the religious and democratic camps by the very violence of Communism's opponents in those camps.

The few Communists I ever knew well were all people with Catholic school backgrounds. None of them ever got very far in the Party and maybe it was because they were all obsessed with Catholicism. The particular Communists I have in mind talked endlessly about the contradictions between practice and belief in Catholic circles. Such questions as Catholic schools' being closed to Negro students was something they emphasized strongly. The more hysterical and stupid anti-Communism which appeared under Catholic auspices they deplored publicly, while they privately welcomed it as a kind of justification for their own defection from the Church.

As Communists they regarded the Christian Front movement and much Coughlinite activity (I am speaking of that era) as heaven-sent. It gave them the equation they wanted: Catholicism equals anti-Semitism, anti-intellectualism, fascism; Communism equals brotherhood, intelligence, a better world.

At that time the Communists were after the "intellectuals" and social idealists. The type of frustrated mind attracted to the Christian Front, they reasoned, would in time find its own way to Communism and then could be directed into other channels. In the meantime its very "fascism" was serving the Marxist cause according to the special needs of the day—just as did every pulpit attack on the "so-called intellectuals" and every sneering reference, from the religious and democratic camp, to "do-gooders," "dreamers," globaloney artists," etc.

I don't think the situation has changed radically. The same old attacks on what is itself good and true, even when it is found in Marxism, are heard from the same old anti-Communists. Where the young today will turn in their disgust with the anti-intellectualism and slogan-thinking of the rip-snorting anti-Communists I don't know. I only know what dangers there are in confounding the religious and the democratic cause with something that is itself not quite as far removed from Communism as it would like to be.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Manifesto for the West

AMERICANS SHOULD SEE THEMSELVES AS CUSTODIANS OF THE MEANS TO WIN THE WORLDWIDE WAR AGAINST POVERTY AND DISORDER

CHARLES MALIK

THE modern miracles of transportation and communication are at the base of very many present problems. People everywhere today are one another's neighbors, and therefore everybody knows what others have and have not. The appalling inequalities throughout the world, both material and cultural, can no longer be concealed.

Men being what they are by nature, this sudden spread of enlightenment has aroused much envy, jealousy and greed. The result is radical dissatisfaction with things as they are, and a determination by the underdeveloped peoples to do everything possible to develop their own natural resources, material and human, to the utmost. Whoever does not understand this profound awakening of the masses in Asia, in Africa, in the Middle East and in Latin America, is not living in the modern world.

But the Western world has a complementary interest in the development of the underdeveloped. For its peace-time running, Western industry requires raw materials from the underdeveloped areas. Of the fifteen basic minerals, the United States is relatively self-sufficient for the purposes of its own industry in only six: coal, petroleum, iron, sulphur, phosphate rock and potash. But U. S. iron cannot be turned into steel without the importation of large quantities of manganese, and American self-sufficiency in petroleum is possible only because the oil of the Middle East is supplying the needs of Europe. Tin, lead, copper, zinc, tungsten, chromium, natural rubber, and uranium, all have to be imported from abroad, mostly from the less developed regions. In 1950, about sixty per cent of the total imports of the United States came from the underdeveloped world.

Add to this permanent industrial dependence two other facts: the need of the West for large quantities of food from abroad, and the considerable constriction of the area of free trade as a result of the expansion of the Communist world in Eastern Europe and the Far East. The Atlantic Community must be as much interested in the development of the underdeveloped regions that are still open to it as these regions are themselves.

The present defense emergency has intensified this raw-material dependence of the industrial West upon the underdeveloped countries. It is estimated that three-quarters of the needed imports for the American stockpile program is supplied by the underdeveloped countries.

Beyond its ordinary raw-material needs, and beyond the present extraordinary needs for strategic stockpiling, the Western world requires for the health of its expanding economy closer economic interaction with the underdeveloped areas. This interaction can never come about except through lifting the standard of living of these areas. About two-thirds of the world's population belongs to these areas. In 1949 the per capita income for this mass of the human race was eighty dollars, the per capital income for Western Europe was four hundred and seventy-three dollars, and the per capita income for the United States was one thousand four hundred and fifty-three dollars. This means that the per capita income for the underdeveloped areas was 5.5 per cent what it was for the United States, or about one to twenty. The average American is twenty times richer than the average inhabitant of the underdeveloped world.

This tremendous disparity affecting more than one-half of the human race can only lead, in this magically contracted world, to tension and instability—economically, politically, morally. The Western world cannot have continued prosperity except if it can sell its finished products to the underdeveloped areas, that is to say, except if these areas have raised their standard of living so as to want and to be able to pay for these products. Therefore the Western world, for its own economic sake and apart from its food and raw-material needs, must do everything it can to help promote the development of the underdeveloped countries.

EVEN if the Western world were completely independent of the less developed regions in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America, it would still be imperative today to take an active interest in

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the welfare of these peoples. Most of these countries occupy strategic positions of the utmost importance. Throughout this vast domain Communism is exceedingly active. It preaches hatred of the Western world and promises earthly paradise if only people follow its ways, and in the mind of many people Communism means, rightly or wrongly, greater hope than any platform so far urged by the Western world.

There are many reasons, other than mere economic misery, for this strong appeal of Communism. The Western world must study these reasons and invalidate them. But so long as there is this basic inequality of appeal to the mind of many people in the underdeveloped regions between Communism and Western thought and practice, the West must remain profoundly uneasy.

It is not enough to feel militarily secure vis-à-vis Communism. Does America have a message—an economic message, a social message, an ideological message—for more than one-half of the human race who are outside the immediate clutches of Communism and who are quite independent of the United States? That is the ultimate question in the gigantic struggle.

What is at stake therefore is not only America's defense, not only the health and prosperity of her economic system, but whether Western civilization is resourceful enough to relate itself to Asia and Africa in such a way that the United States will not only be feared but actually respected and liked, not only envied, so people will seek friendship and cooperation with her rather than with those who follow Marx and his false promises. What is at stake is the total spiritual adequacy of Western civilization. To win this battle of the heart the Western world must be far more concerned for the fate and welfare of the underdeveloped areas than it has ever been before.

Everything then conspires today to awaken the underdeveloped countries to their state. Even if they wanted to lag behind, the world will no longer let them. The forces of history are converging upon them as never before, and fate itself is calling: arise, wake up, assess your possibilities, and develop them to the utmost. For he who remains asleep today may never again awaken.

THE anthropologists, doubtless for the best of reasons, have often warned against doing anything that might change what they call the "cultural patterns" of underdeveloped peoples. But surely they cannot mean by this that nothing should be done that will enhance the humanity of these peoples even though it disturbs their dreams and fantasies. If development meant that two-thirds of the human race would be drawn into the active responsibilities of civilization, to the end that they enjoy freedom, health, creation, a sense of dignity, a modicum of security, the boon of knowledge, and the peace of the arts, and if this enjoyment meant the upsetting of the cultural patterns, then so much the worse for these patterns, whatever the anthropologists think.

In many cases it is hopeless to expect real development unless fundamental changes in the social structure are introduced. Surely technical and economic assistance cannot mean that corruption, where it exists, is going to increase, and economic and social injustice, where it has been working havoc for centuries, is going to deepen. The question therefore arises: what are the limits for urging real reforms?

The answer is: (1) there is no hard and fast rule for every case; (2) it depends on how much the country extending help really cares for these reforms; (3) if there is real concern, ways and means will always be found for pushing these limits beyond any assigned point; and (4) surely no assistance should be granted except where there is social responsibility and a real concern for the people. The people are more wide-awake today than ever before, and if this assistance is going to make the rich relatively richer and those in authority more despotic in their rule, then the people will certainly rise up against both their leaders and those who are bolstering them from without.

We are often treated to the most wondrous pictures of what is possible. Terms like "expanding," "improving," "growing," "rising," "abounding," "prospering," "developing," "progressing," are often used with regard to certain economies or standards of living, and the impression is gained that there is absolutely no end to this process. I ask: is this scientifically true? Considering the tremendous problem of increase in population, may this not be raising hopes that cannot be completely fulfilled? Nothing is more irrational than an unsatisfied aroused desire. In these matters I should in general judge that it is better to promise one-third of what seems absolutely certain—not more.

DEVELOPMENT presupposes technology; but technology presupposes science, and science, theory. Now theory is the detached, measured, objective, rational, self-testing and self-expanding interpretation of the universe. But this is the exact opposite of the fanciful imagination that so often prevails in underdeveloped countries.

Nor can scientific theory be just transplanted from one culture to another, the way, for instance, an automobile is transported from Detroit to Arabia. If the underdeveloped countries are going themselves to take an active part in understanding, controlling and exploiting the forces of nature, they will have to steep themselves (not sporadically and accidentally but profoundly and essentially) in the great Western positive scientific tradition that has been cumulatively and internally developing for three thousand years.

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It is true that certain techniques can be quickly learned, but nations that depend only on learning techniques without penetrating to the creative theory that conceived them in the first place will never be masters of their own development. The question therefore is twofold: how much will the West share, not just its technique, but its theoretical secrets with the underdeveloped peoples, and how much are these peoples themselves really eager for this sharing? Little do the underdeveloped countries realize that part of the price they have to pay for their development is an intellectual revolution that will disabuse them of illusions and myths they have been cherishing for thousands of years.

An agricultural and raw-material mentality can never attain the strength and progressiveness of the industrial mind. When the two are critically related to each other, the industrial mind will always dominate. The problem of development is, therefore, not just the exploitation of the raw materials of the earth, nor just whether hunger, poverty, disease and illiteracy can be completely eradicated, but whether certain whole cultures are forever doomed to the agricultural and raw material outlook.

IN all discussions of development the accent for the most part is on the economic and material: higher national incomes, more land under cultivation, better crops, the extermination of malaria. The need of the underdeveloped countries in these realms is certainly stupendous. But man lives more by his mind and ideas than by his body and its needs, and if there is material privation, the privation of the spirit is infinitely more grievous.

The real question is how to eradicate ignorance and superstition, how to cultivate the mind, how to fill it with light and truth, how to touch the fundamental springs of action. How do we know that a world in which the underdeveloped are developed only technically will be a better world? What guarantees are there that its components will not be hating and fighting one another far more ferociously than they do now?

The Western world underestimates the importance of its heritage if it conceives its message only in technical and economic terms. Peace is the fruit of a fundamental community of ideas, and the underdeveloped peoples will be better developed and elevated by making accessible to them in their own mother tongues the great classics of human thought and valuation, in East and West alike, than by any other method.

In addition to their development, the underdeveloped peoples require the hand of fellowship. There are three reasons for this. First, even if he has no material need whatsoever, man cannot be happy without participating in some universal fellowship. Second, these peoples have one hand of fellowship constantly extended to them, namely, the hand of Communism. Third, it can be shown that there will always be people who are relatively less developed. Therefore the sense of injustice which overtakes people when they compare themselves with others cannot be eradicated altogether. But man would put up with anything if only he knew that he belonged to a larger whole. Fellowship is the only adequate compensation for doom.

Nothing is more wanted than the creation of a deep fellowship which will enable the man of Asia, of Africa, of the Middle East, of Latin America, to feel that in his hopes and in his strivings he is not alone, but belongs to something universal of which he may be proud and to which he can give his whole allegiance. The challenge of the Western world is whether it can evolve such a genuine universal fellowship.

In a recent speech Secretary Acheson described Point Four as "a fundamental political and philosophical idea" growing out of America's "whole approach to the problems presented by nature to civilization." It follows that there is much more than technique in this idea: there is man and his essential freedom and dignity, there is trust in reason and its ability to master the forces of nature; there is faith in representative and responsible government; there is the order of respect and discussion between man and man; and there is the great intellectual, moral and spiritual tradition from which America has emerged.

We are at the beginning of a great historic movement in which America is called upon to articulate her message to the rest of the world. As this movement develops, it will be found that only the best men laden with the deepest and finest in their heritage can really carry this idea abroad. Only devoted workers sure of their ground, willing in love to identify themselves with the estate of their fellow men and catching a glimpse of the inner significance of history, can be true to the best in America and can meet the desperate needs of the world.

If vigorously implemented, Point Four is likely to prove one of the most dynamic ideas of the second half of the twentieth century. It has aroused great hopes in the hearts of men, and America must study how to fulfil them. What is novel is not the need, but the power to meet it. For the first time in history there is available the material and moral means to conquer vast economic and social problems on a world scale, and America happens to be the chief trustee of this means.

This is indeed a humbling fact. But who can measure the possibilities of a people born in liberty, trusting in God, rooted in three thousand years of cumulative tradition, and commanding a continent? We may live to see the present concern flower into an act of love the like of which the world has rarely seen before. And those who initiated and tended this act may go down in history as among the greatest benefactors of mankind.

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Lords And Masters, M. D.

ERNST KARL WINTER

WALDEMAR Kaempffert, writing in the New York *Times* for December 30, 1951, listed seventeen "notable achievements" in medicine during the year. Three among the seventeen are worth a little scrutinizing.

1. "A non-poisonous chemical, given to female rats, reverses pregnancy with no harmful results. The discovery was made by Drs. — and — of New York University's College of Medicine. The unborn offspring were absorbed. The chemical was not identified."
2. "Dr. — made surgical history by removing a human pituitary, a pea-sized gland which lies at the base of the brain and which controls the activities of all the other ductless glands. All the natural or synthetic hormones known were then injected. The body chemistry was sufficiently restored to permit the patient to vegetate for eleven weeks, after which death came. The operation was performed in a hopeless case of melanoma to test a medical belief that some cancers may be benefited or cured if the pituitary were removed. Surgery did not stop the malignant growth."
3. "Dr. — (National Institute of Medical Research) rose before the British Association for the Advancement of Science last August to describe a method of freezing human sperm so that it can be artificially inseminated after decades have elapsed. A man who may have been buried yesterday may thus become a father a century after his death."

Not much can be said in seriousness about the first and third items, beyond the twisted scientific intentions behind such pathological fancy. Although among those who do not want children some may already dream of the drugstores' soon having something called "Reversal" or "Reabsorbal" on their shelves (not only for the eradication of rats but of human beings), surely the authority of civilized governments will stand in the way of such morbid dreams' coming true. It also seems highly dubious that the idea of deep-freezing virility will ever catch on. The really serious question here is that there are scientists in the Western world who feel satisfied with such "progress."

The second of the three items betrays a real weakness in the West which has to be taken much more seriously, for it jeopardizes the moral substance of our civilization. Experiments of this kind exist on a wider scale than the publicity about them might indicate. This is true both in the East and West. But, unlike us, the Soviets keep quiet about them.

The publication of the second item among medicine's seventeen "notable achievements," by a highly cultivated expert in a well balanced newspaper, demonstrates clearly that Western civilization, even putting aside all questions of external threat, is standing on the edge of an abyss. In the simplest, cruellest words: this extraction of the pituitary, glorified by the medical professionals and their chronicler, was *murder*. Murder, I say—and murder not only according to the Christian view of such things but according to the fundamental principles to which Christians, Jews and non-religious people in this democracy have so far proclaimed their allegiance.

THE fact that murder can be so easily dressed up, coolly commented upon and seemingly accepted without demur as a "scientific necessity" to which the individual has to submit because he is "incurable" (i.e., he is considered to be incurable by those who want to experiment upon his living corpse) calls for further analysis. It is intimately tied up with the naive yet quite hypnotizing conviction of some medical men (though the representative majority is, happily, still excluded) that such a thing as an absolute, unfailing judgment on the chances for life or death actually exists—an absolute determination and certainty about the nature and outcome of any disease; in short, that an absolute diagnosis and prophecy are metaphysically available to the physician.

There *is* no absolute medical judgment, particularly none which carries with it a death sentence; and this is true as long as life remains in a human organism. I am not referring here to the miraculous or to supernatural intervention. I base the statement only on the nature of medical diagnosis, which depends, in the last analysis, on the capacities and limitations of human knowledge.

Moreover, it is generally known that modern medical science as a whole (notable exceptions are readily granted), despite recent developments in psychology, knows very little if anything about the nature of hysteria, occultism or mysticism and about the power these exercise over the body.

When death sentences are handed down as the justification for dubious experiments, the naive self-assurance of the professional group which expresses them becomes a social danger, a danger not only to the personal liberty and security of the individual but to civilization as a whole.

Mr. Winter, who was at one time Deputy Mayor of Vienna, has written widely on sociological and theological subjects.

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ACCORDING to the slight justification which Mr. Kaempffert apparently felt it necessary to make in the *Times,* the extraction of the pituitary was carried out in order to test a "medical belief." According to this "medical belief" an operation of this kind *may* have something to do with cancer research.

Lame as the explanation is, it is obviously for the benefit of the public mind, which will, it is felt, condone anything that *might* lead to the cure of cancer. Yet it seems highly improbable that in this decade an educated medical man would hold the theory that cancer can be cured by removing the pituitary.

On the contrary, the most modern research in the study of glands and hormones has established the existence of the pituitary-adrenal *system* in the human body, upon which the balance of the body chemistry rests. From the knowledge of this relationship are coming the "miracle cures" by cortisone and ACTH (the natural or synthesized hormones of the pituitary and adrenals). Although these hormones do not really cure, they do provide a substitute for the body balance. Though they are not the "elixir of eternal youth" they indicate clearly that such an elixir really exists, even if only as an idea for medical science, and that it exists within the well-functioning human body by reason of its system of glands and hormones. This system, according to present knowledge, functions under the hegemony of a "master gland," which is the pituitary. Perhaps Descartes was not so far amiss after all when he thought the pineal gland was the seat of the soul.

I doubt that this extraction of the pituitary from a still living organism that Mr. Kaempffert reported as a "notable achievement" was for the purpose of testing a sound scientific hypothesis (which may make *certain* experiments permissible, but surely not operations of this type). The experiment originated, rather, in curiosity—how would a human being ("a hopeless case anyway") function without a pituitary? Although this is by no means the first and surely it won't be the last of medical crimes, it is unique in so far as it was not committed in a country with two kinds of human beings—the master race and the "inferiors" who are subject to such experimentation—and was prominently and naively reported to the public as an "outstanding achievement."

It is this arrogance and naiveté, it seems to me, which indicate why the astounding technical successes in the realm of surgery and chemistry have led only to palliatives; why modern medicine seems incapable of assaulting the terrible common diseases of our age except on their peripheries.

Many highly touted drugs have turned out to be little more than sedatives. To be sure, the soothing of misery and pain is no mere trifle. Yet the tremendous mobilization of modern medical science, which annually produces scores of new chemicals and techniques to fight modern diseases, might have achieved quite different results—might indeed have gone a lot further toward changing the face of the earth and of man himself—if its basic orientation had been different.

THE most scientific way to combat disease according to modern medical theories has not yet been found. Still science was probably never as near to such a possibility as it is in consequence of the newly acquired knowledge about the system and the balance of glands and hormones. Thereby, the ancient idea of *self-healing* of the human organism has been acknowledged as something belonging to the functioning powers of the organism itself.

From this affirmation, the true aim of constitutional therapy might have become much more clear. To accomplish self-healing, the fundamental attitudes of the spirit, natural wisdom and the organic nutrition of the body (as opposed to artificial nutrition by synthetic chemistry) must play their parts and contribute their share before natural medical agencies can work.

Even the "poly-hormone" of the future will provide nothing but crutches as long as the inner balance of the body remains unrestored. Medical science does not yet know all the glands and their relationships; does not know exactly the interrelationship between the blood, the glands and the nerves; it does not know very much about the natural nutrition of the glands, the preservation and restoration of glandular balance, the means of healing which are latent in both nature and the body itself.

If so fragmentary a science does not know even its primary object (the healthy body) well enough, but still indulges in absolute statements about life and death in order to gain the moral grounds for dubious experiments, then it seems time to do something about it, by legislation if need be, in order to see that the interests of the Bill of Rights are protected.

Medical men will find their way back to their age-old ideal of unselfish service (an ideal, thank God, that the average doctor has never left) if they regain their respect for individual life and rediscover their function—which is primarily to preserve life—however poor and miserable it may be—through investigating the self-healing mechanisms of the human body. To that end, the representatives of the medical profession who want to keep ordinary moral and democratic standards—not even to mention religious motives—ought to abstain from those vainglorious excursions into a Utopia where physicians are the modern priests and kings, "lords over life and death." Only a sick society will accept as its lawgivers a social group which makes its contribution by the subtle disposal of the incurable, no matter under what disguise, instead of giving them, if nothing more, at least the hope for a *human* death.

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THE STAGE

THE CHASE

HORTON Foote's new play opens on a Texas sheriff's office—neatly and comfortably designed by Albert Johnson—one spring evening. Sheriff Hawes' wife is expecting a baby, and Hawes himself is hoping to buy a farm and leave all violence behind him. Word suddenly comes that Bubber Reeves, earlier convicted of murder, has broken loose and is on his way to take revenge on the sheriff who sent him up. The play's premise puts us on the edge of our seats.

But author Foote cannot keep us there. He is, in fact, extremely hard put to keep the play even tenuously alive. To whip up some incidental excitement before the first act curtain comes down, he must have his killer fire a random shot through the sheriff's window without hitting anyone at all. And the only thing he can think of to spin out the second act is to have the killer lose the gun he is carrying—twice. His killer is not only a bad shot, but has in addition an extremely poor memory. You finally get to wondering how he managed to acquire a reputation for villainy in the first place.

The reason Mr. Foote must resort to these artifices is his determination, not to write the melodrama he has promised us, but to prove himself a responsible thinker. Before the play can begin to move, or the conflicting forces of the play can be permitted to come together, we must first be treated to an intellectual and moral disquisition on the subject of violence.

Sheriff Hawes is not sure that violence is the answer to anything. He is reluctant to meet his enemy for fear he will be forced to shoot him down. Though half the town seems to be on the killer's list, and in danger of immediate extinction, Hawes feels it necessary to thrash out his personal dilemma before making an unwise move. The play rapidly breaks down into one still-life after another.

A deputy enters the office to announce a visitor. The visitor may be the criminal's mother, the criminal's wife, the wife's current lover, or any one of the three or four townspeople who fear for their lives. With each entrance, the sheriff sets his jaw and begins to argue. Each visitor in turn plays a set scene, either denouncing violence or demanding it, and then retires. The sheriff now broods about where it will all end, though you rapidly become more concerned about when.

The moral dilemma is an overlay which does not derive from the action but precedes and short-circuits it. It does keep "The Chase" from seeming like anything so ordinary as a mere western. But it also reminds you what fine things westerns are. The problem is no adequate substitute for a genuinely dramatic pursuit, and the play dribbles away in dialectic.

John Hodiak, just in from Hollywood, looks like a very useful actor who will do justice to something a little more vigorous, and Kim Stanley, in a role which might easily have turned into a cartoon suitable for *Esquire,* is astonishingly believable. Jose Ferrer has, as always, directed the minor people into honest performances, but he cannot budge the far too earnest and almost studiously unexciting play. (*At the Playhouse*)

FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS

THIS eighteen-year-old opera by Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson has already embarked for Paris and points continental, so that any mention here is in the way of a footnote. I suspect, though, that Paris and environs are going to find it exhilarating fun. I have always counted myself lucky to have seen the original production in 1934, and this one is only a little less perfect. The cellophane scenery is now a trifle heavier in texture, and William Dollar's conventional and not even very secure choreography is something of a blemish. But the outrageous gaiety and ingenuous reverence are still there.

It does seem impossible that composer Thomson should ever have found an authentic, unified, and even touching inspiration in Miss Stein's characteristically irrational libretto. But argument on the point seems to me academic. Mr. Thomson has done it, it is a *fait accompli,* and the only thing I can suggest is that we stop bickering and take pleasure in what is actually, and impressively, there. It's just one of those minor creative miracles that make theoretical discussion seem fatuous and lame. (*Completed a two-week stand, under the sponsorship of ANTA, at the Broadway*).

WALTER KERR.

THE SCREEN

MUCH SONG, LESS HEART

THE plot of "With a Song in My Heart" runs into a snag found in many Hollywood musicals, especially those stemming from biographies. The script (written by Lamar Trotti, who also gave the film its good production) is about real people, most of whom are still living. The film had to be handled with such care and tact that it is almost afraid to say anything. Ostensibly the story of Jane Froman is the story of a woman of great courage and a strong will to live. The movie makes the most of her impressive rise to stardom as a singer on stage and radio during the late thirties. Then the dreadful plane accident off Portugal

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with Jane (the first entertainer to accept the USO invitation to entertain troops) and the co-pilot clinging to the immersed Clipper. Few people perhaps could have survived the many operations that followed, years of crutches and braces stretching ahead, so bravely. Perhaps only Jane Froman could have made her big theatrical comeback encumbered by a thirty-five pound cast, and the later tour on crutches to the army camps in Europe. It is no wonder that wounded Americans in hospitals and barracks were so enthusiastic about her.

Director Walter Lang works up the film's main themes with gusto, and he is fortunate to have as fine an actress as Susan Hayward to portray Jane. Miss Hayward has never been better. Her theatrical flair in the big musical numbers reveals unsuspected talents. Jane Froman herself does the singing; the dubbing is excellent with the illusion never dispelled except in a few scenes showing Jane dancing while she sings—without even panting. Susan is in best style in the emotional scenes with her helpful nurse (expertly played by Thelma Ritter) and in the even more tear-jerking episodes when she's singing a wide selection of popular songs for wounded GI's.

In spite of its great appeal as a handsome and tuneful musical film, "With a Song in My Heart" falls pretty flat in working out the romantic triangle made by its three leading characters. Jane is helped through the early part of her career by Don Ross (skilfully played by David Wayne) who gives up his own not-too-promising theatrical career to manage hers. He finally persuades Jane to marry him, but their marriage is by no means idyllic—especially after Jane soars to fame. Her attachment to John Burn (Rory Calhoun), the co-pilot in the Clipper accident, doesn't exactly help the situation. Scriptwriter Trotti was hard put to it to sugarcoat this part of the plot and still wind up with a divorce and remarriage. Since the three people involved were no doubt watching the making of this movie from every angle, it is not surprising that these personal problems are handled so inconclusively.

NO doubt Producers William Perlberg and George Seaton had a good idea when they decided to make a musical film out of "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," the most frequently performed play in the history of American theatre. They certainly assembled a good cast: Alan Young to play the country bumpkin who naively gets tangled up by city slickers but finally winds up on top, as the boobie always does in the American dream; Dinah Shore as the country widow who falls for the city villain's fancy talk; baritone Robert Merrill as the crooked Chicagoan who hopes to do the widow out of her farm because he thinks there's oil on it: Adele Jergens as the villain's "cousin," a fast woman if there ever was one.

But there must have been several slips between the original conception of a musical "Aaron Slick" and the finished version, which is as dull as a movie musical can be. Director Claude Binyon, who also wrote the script from Walter Benjamin Hare's famous play, could not quite make up his mind whether he was doing a stylized period piece or a fanciful modern show like "Oklahoma!" and "State Fair." Alan Young is an amusing comedian, but we still have to wait for his forthcoming "Androcles and the Lion" to be sold on him. Miss Shore sings her songs well; several of them, like "Life Is a Beautiful Thing" and "Marshmallow Moon," are already hits. Robert Merrill sings well too—but his role was hardly worth all that fuss with the Met. Perhaps "Aaron Slick" should have been content with its record as the most performed play in America.

ANOTHER movie that started out with a good idea is "Flesh and Fury," a modern melodrama about a prize fighter who is a deaf mute. What happens to this young man who becomes championship material and then undergoes a delicate operation which permits him to hear is both fascinating and repelling to watch: fascinating because of the good fight and training scenes in which Tony Curtis shows up in fine style, and because of the even better sequences in which Tony is taught how to talk; repelling because the story line is pretty obvious and the girl (Jan Sterling) who interests herself in this fighter really cares only for what he can do for her. Opposed to her is another girl (Mona Freeman) whose father, an architect, was also a deaf mute. This second girl's love for Tony is real and she's able to help him when Jan fails. Unfortunately Director Joseph Pevney, who knows how to use cinema effectively, allowed the contrived plot to bog down in bad melodrama. However "Flesh and Fury" has its points. Its big scene in which Tony, fresh from the hospital and now able to hear, attends his first party is very effective and might even make you envy deaf people—just a little.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"WHOLE-HEARTED ENDORSEMENT"

Lake Village, Ark.

TO THE Editors: I read your April 11 issue this morning, and I thought I'd pause to send you my sympathy before I retire tonight. Do your readers often rave at you in such intolerant rage? What irked me was to find that those doing the raving this time were two of the clergy—whose training in philosophy should have led them to approve your balanced view of the issues

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involved. I admired your calm, impersonal, but devastating reply to Father Falque's strident scolding.

I think I have had more firsthand knowledge of Communism and China than the two who took you to task. I lived under Communism in China for two years; I experienced the luxury of a Communist jail; I was honored with one of Communism's famous "public trials" where I was forced to kneel for a couple of hours before a mob of ten thousand screaming in Communist-inspired fury for my life, while "witnesses" mixed blows and kicks with their accusations. And yet, with such a background, I still have wholeheartedly endorsed your "editorializing" on the "Spanish problem," the China headache, and Communism.

Tyranny is tyranny, whether it comes dressed up in the red robes of a Spanish Cardinal or clothed in the drab mufti of Communist secret police; and I, who have experienced the one, want nothing to do with either.

I don't claim to be a particularly astute observer of affairs, but I was in China before the collapse of the Nationalist regime and I do have eyes and ears and some little intelligence. At this late date, however, with all the perspective of hindsight, I still don't see how the United States could have saved China. Those who deny that the problem was extremely complex speak from ignorance.

Mere financial help and military aid were insufficient. The Nationalist regime was hopelessly inadequate to the task. If I were forced to choose between Chiang and Mao I would choose Chiang, of course, but as the lesser of two evils. I would still be very unhappy about the choice I was forced to make.

To step in and take things over, the United States would have had to fight the Nationalists as well as the Communists, for the Nationalists were very jealous of their sovereign prerogatives. The other Asiatic peoples would have branded direct American military intervention as another manifestation of western imperialism. Many of our over-simplifiers are ignorant of or underestimate the influence the Japanese exerted in Asia during the war years. Many people in occupied countries disliked the Japanese, but at the same time they liked many things the Japanese were saying. One of the things that was universally liked and is still responsible for Asia's restlessness was the Japanese slogan: "Asia for the Asiatics."

The Communist brands everyone who disagrees with him an imperialist or a bourgeois reactionary, but if we adopt the same tactic and, like Senator McCarthy, brand everyone who disagrees with us a Communist or a dupe of Communism, we will only compound confusion.

The threat of Communism is a very complex problem, and you have to meet the threat from many angles. There is, as you constantly point out, the military angle. But military action alone, as you also point out, is not sufficient, for you can't shoot an idea. Primarily, it is not a military problem; primarily, it is not a problem for Senate investigation or for the FBI; primarily, it is a moral problem. And that means the place to begin is with the individual—each one with himself. We must become whole-souled Christians. That means, of course, that we must turn our backs on the bourgeois type of Christianity, which is just a shade or two better than the materialism of our earth-bound Marxists, and turn our faces toward a "whole-souled personal ascent to Golgotha," to use your words, and accept the "extraordinary personal sacrifice" demanded of Christians in our troubled world.

We must do all we can, each in his own sphere, to develop a solid core of Christians who are as enthusiastic for Christianity and democracy as the Communists are for their Marxian ideal. In Communist countries the eyes of the marvelously efficient secret police are ever on you; the threat of mass arrests and executions is always hanging over you; the shadow of concentration camps forever darkens your path. But these things do not explain Communism's success. It can only be explained by the wholehearted enthusiasm of confirmed Marxists. Unless we can match that enthusiasm, we are lost.

It must be an enthusiasm that is willing to get out and make real sacrifices to preserve our liberties and justice in our society; otherwise we are headed for slavery. These racial and economic injustices in our society are like wide-open doors through which Communism can enter and impose its tyranny on us. Our task is to slam shut the doors by removing those evils from our society.

Perhaps nothing could be more harmful and confusing than the purely negative and often dishonest "McCarthy type" of anti-Communism, which actually is only a noisy manifestation of bourgeois materialism's alarmed resentment against a threat to its established comfort. A man should establish his right to criticize Communism by proving that he is laboring to remove the racial and economic injustices on which Communism fattens.

At the moment, for example, our Southern papers are screaming about a "Communist front group," the Southern Conference Educational Fund, which is conducting a research project on racial practices in hospitals and health services. Perhaps it is a front group. In that case, we'll just have to admit, sorrowfully, that we have another instance of the evil thing's doing good. But what are our Southern editors doing to remove the South's un-American and un-Christian discriminatory practices in hospitals? Nothing. Do they strive to remove the evils that enable the Communists to pose as saints while they do the devil's work? No, rather their intransigent and purely negative attitude only gilds the brass halo of Communist holiness.

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After I read the severe and (I think) unjustified criticism you received from the clergy, I wondered if they might use the influence of their position to reduce the number of your subscribers. I suspected they might; so I determined to make a little clerical restitution by drumming up some subscriptions. My poor colored parishioners have neither the money to subscribe to nor the education to understand the magazine, and I'm not supposed to have much to do with the people in the "white" parish, but I went out and looked up the Grand Knight of the local council of the Knights of Columbus, showed him the latest issue of the magazine, and the accompanying sales-talk induced him to tear out the trial subscription blank. I'll check to see that he sends it in and keep after him to boost the magazine at K. of C. meetings.

Before I leave you tonight (it'll soon be morning), I might as well tell you two more things I like about you. There are always two evils or dangers threatening the Church, the extremes of clericalism and anticlericalism. You are a healthy antidote against the danger of clericalism. Then, too, you come periodically with a little barb to prick the maddening smugness of comfortable Christians, a smugness that has brought us to the brink of disaster. May God bless you and help you preserve your sense of humor.

(Rev.) Leon Sullivan, O.F.M.

OF NOTE

DAILY FARE

In the current issue of the *Catholic Art Quarterly* published by the Catholic Art Association (6332 North Magnolia Street, Chicago 40, Illinois) Father Clement McNaspy, S.J. writes on Gregorian chant. Last year Father McNaspy conducted a class in the Summer School of Social Worship at Boston College.

> A fresh convert to the Gregorian movement some years ago, I was shocked and shaken almost to the roots by no less a musician than Dom Vitry. Like many another enthusiast I had naively assumed that, since chant had been pointed to by the Holy Father as the supreme model of all liturgical music, it must be simply and in every respect (*tout court*) best. Father Vitry's shattering words are gone now, but their burden was that polyphony and even modern music offered a wider variety of suggestiveness and certain other musical values than Gregorian itself. Must my idol crash, or did Dom Vitry himself have clay feet after all?
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> This morning after a talk on sacred music I was asked: "Is Gregorian the most human music?" I countered with the obvious question, only to be queried again: "Is Gregorian more human than—say—Beethoven?" So far as I know, no one took down my reply, but it was in the form of a distinction, in the best clerical tradition. "By human do you mean that Gregorian chant stirs one more thrillingly than the *Pathetique?* Then the answer is, unhesitatingly, No. By human do you mean that chant is made to the measure of man —as well as of God—that it touches the heart without squeezing or crushing it? Then the answer is, just as unhesitatingly, Yes." Is this treason or compromise?
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> I believe that when Dom Vitry woke us from our dogmatic slumber many of us were indulging in a fairly common illusion, a romantic one. But *ought* the supreme model of liturgical music tear a passion to tatters? Is it not possible sometimes to praise an admirable thing for the wrong reason? A homely analogy may be in place: is the most exquisite bit of pastry more "human" than bread? More savory, more exciting? Evidently it is. Yet, would one want this same pastry at each meal, every day? Just as evidently, No. The very qualities that make pastry acceptable by way of an unusual delicacy would make it repellent put to daily use. Bread is plain, unexciting, unspectacular, as necessary and normal as water. This makes it our daily fare. This makes it the very symbol of commonplace needs in the prayer we call Our Lord's.
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> The Holy Fathers of our day have unanimously insisted that Gregorian is to be our daily musical fare in worship. Their reasons are, no doubt, many and diverse. The chant is traditional, part of our Roman heritage. The chant is sacred, with no theatrical or secular flavor. The chant is universal, doubtless, as missioners to Kinkanja will bear witness. It is true art, too, as critics and impartial historians of music loudly proclaim—lately the great Wanda Landowska chose the Solesmes records first on her list of ten favorites for the *Saturday Review*. Yes, all this and more, too, may be said.
>
> But have we made enough of the virtue of "plainness" in our plainchant? Obviously plainness, like simplicity, has a dubious value when taken alone. But when a thing is plain, as the Parthenon is plain, and as the façade of Notre Dame and the nave of St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls are plain, it means that that thing is normal, classic and humanly proportioned. St. Peter's may be more stunning, like the best of baroque music, may even seem more suited for festive events, particularly when the Holy Father enters in triumph and the whole structure fulfils its purpose. Yet,

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for the every-day liturgy does one not prefer less elaboration, something less stunning?

In the School of Social Worship at Boston College last summer, we focused our day with high Mass every morning. Our music program has, of necessity, been modest: community-sung common in chant, with the proper chanted by a group of men, sometimes in Gregorian, more often Dom Bevenot's beautiful chantlike formulae. It is hardly what one would choose for an exciting concert at Symphony Hall or on the Esplanade. Yet, despite the inevitable repetition, I have heard no one suggest that the Mass music seemed monotonous or needed a change. Imagine, on the other hand, what would happen if we sang any part Mass (even Palestrina, God forbid!) day after day. One's nervous system—not only the director's, everyone's—would be taxed, nerves exasperated by an over-charge of emotion and tense complexity.

Holy Mother the Church does not submit us to an unchanging diet of Gregorian Chant. In her most hallowed shrines and basilicas one may hear, on great occasions at least, music of all periods, schools, textures. None but a fanatic (surely not the authors of *Motu Proprio* or *Mediator Dei*) would exclude the finest Masses and motets of our time, or the carols we have grown up on. But in directing us to use the chant as our staple, as our everyday fare, is not the Church helping us toward emotional health in a frantic age?

CHURCH AND DEMOCRACY

IN the Spring issue of the Fordham University quarterly *Thought,* Victor R. Yanitelli has edited "A Church-State Anthology, the Work of Father John Courtney Murray, S.J." The following is a key excerpt:

> Democracy today presents itself with all the force of an idea whose time has come. And there are two reasons why it is the present task of Catholics to work toward the purification of the liberal tradition (which is their own real tradition) and of the democratic form of state in which it finds expression, by restoring both the idea and the institutions of democracy to their proper Christian foundations. First, this form of state is presently man's best, and possibly last, hope of human freedom. Secondly, this form of state offers to the Church as a spiritual power as good a hope of freedom as she has ever had; it offers to the Church as the Christian people a means, through its free political institutions, of achieving harmony between law and social organization and the demands of their Christian conscience.

Matisse As a Religious Artist

SERGE HUGHES

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, T. S. Eliot, Péguy, Claudel, have all written poetry that is unconfoundably modern and unconfoundably Christian. They have been accepted by a sizable number of Christian readers. The somewhat more acid novelists, Mauriac, Greene, Bernanos, Bloy, have perhaps met with more resistance but, generally, their papers have been approved as being in order. But the Christian painters are in a peculiar position. Rouault is still regarded with suspicion and misgivings, sometimes even by those who do not hesitate to appreciate the modern poets and novelists. Chagall is looked upon with less suspicion but more amused condescension. Matisse can count on being considered as a clever decorator, and it is only a small group, Christian or not, which is able to think of him as a religious painter at all.

Nevertheless, the work which Matisse has termed "the ultimate goal of a whole life of work and the culmination of an enormous effort, sincere and difficult" is religious, the Chapel of the Rosary at Vence. For better or worse, modern art has expressed itself in religious terms, and a painter who has been known for his apparent indifference to moral and religious themes has become deeply involved in the problems of modern religious art. It is possible to argue about the nature of Matisse's religious art but not of its existence. In this connection, a recent study of Matisse by Alfred Barr *(Matisse: His Art and His Public, Museum of Modern Art, $12.50)* is invaluable.

To some extent the difficulty in appreciating the chapel at Vence is due to the acquired mistrust with which our time views joyful religious art. Rightly or wrongly, we have come to suspect the modern religious writer if he doesn't show some anguish, a certain amount of torment. We feel disappointed, if not tricked, when a character in a religious novel does not reveal the proper Dostoyevskian moral convolutions. Our sensitivities respond readily to a sense of apocalypse, sin, and violence. Gradually we have come to look upon expressions of serenity and nobility and joy almost as manifestations of bad taste, or of superficial thought.

Yet it is not only this serenity that places the spectator at a disadvantage. It is modern art in general, and the past of Matisse in particular. Matisse painted tree trunks in blue, yellow, yellow-green; faces in soft

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yellows, intense violets, and soft pinks; one face in particular divided into two zones by a green stripe running down the middle. It is hard to remind ourselves that if the poet and novelist are not bound to imitate nature, neither is the painter. We slowly and grudgingly acknowledge the artist's right to see as he pleases, but tend to dismiss, quickly and firmly, what is not immediately recognizable.

EVEN if we concede, however, that there is not one and only one vision which all sensible painters should accept, and that possibly the artist is he who reveals a new way of looking, the art of Henri Matisse would still be difficult to understand. It is not only Matisse's vision which disconcerts us. It is, even more, his ideas and use of color. His view (not a novel one of course) that pure color has an expressive value in itself, that it is substance equal in artistic value to the existence and shape of objects—that too is hard to accept. If one accepts the theory, the task of differentiating between what is trash and what is art would seem to demand an almost incredibly nice sensitivity. It does. Easier, then, not to study the color harmonies of Matisse, and to make sure that the highbrows don't take you for a hick, to mutter something about "épater le bourgeois."

Assuming, though, that a state of truce has been arrived at with respect to modern art, Matisse's vision and his use of color, it is possible to return defiantly to the problem of the nature of Matisse's art at Vence. How to accept as religious art the work of an artist who has made it unequivocally clear that he is not an orthodox believer, and whose art moreover is known for its hedonism and concern with the light, the carefree, the sophisticated? No moral concerns, no tragic themes, no religious preoccupations in Matisse.

The most satisfactory answer to this question is given by the art objects of the chapel, for as Matisse once pointed out, "A work of art must carry in itself its complete significance and impose it upon the beholder even before he can identify the subject matter. When I see the Giotto frescoes at Padua I do not trouble to recognize which scene of the life of Christ I have before me, but I perceive instantly the sentiment which radiates from it and which is instinct in the composition in every line and color. The title will only serve to confirm my impression."

Matisse, unlike the Barclay Street artist, has no illusions as to the magical efficacy of a title; consequently he judges his own religious art on the very sound basis of the sentiment it radiates, on its inner form. This attitude is, of course, at complete variance with the prevalent ideas that a slick Hollywood art is the only art which "the people" can appreciate, that a profoundly religious art absorbs all of the worshiper's energies, distracting him from prayer, that we must above all things avoid the danger of an "arty" church, more museum than cathedral.

Certainly few of our contemporary churches run the risk of becoming museums in the future. Yet this fear does point out clearly to what extent we have become unconsciously jealous of the vigor and intensity of the religious art of past ages, a jealousy which often becomes nostalgia in our neo-movements, neo-Gothic, neo-Byzantine. It also points to our keen sensitivity to the dangers of estheticism. We will take the True and the Good, but we shall be very cautious about the Beautiful. Art objects transform a church into an obstacle course, the prize going to him who can pray best in spite of the surroundings, and when faced with a fine reproduction of Michelangelo's *Pietà* on one side and a Lauren Bacall madonna on the other, we turn, with a sigh of relief, to a blank wall.

TO describe Matisse's chapel is as futile a venture as the French documentary film on Matisse, the free-drawing, lighthearted colorist: a film done in black and white, the sound track playing sections of Franck's D-Minor Symphony. However, we cannot all be cautious. Take three murals: Saint Dominic, Madonna and Child, and the Stations of the Cross. The Saint Dominic, and the Mother and Child are reserved without being austere—peaceful, noble. They are faceless. The crucifix on the altar is serene, almost gentle. The stained glass windows are exuberant. The Stations of the Cross, however, contrast vigorously with all that Matisse has ever done, and are, perhaps, the most striking aspect of the Chapel. On one mural, with a minimum of abrupt, nervous lines is drawn the history of the Passion. This is an unexpected Matisse, closer to the stark German expressionists than to his own past.

The learned simplicity which insinuates itself in all of Matisse's best work is present everywhere, now channeled in a religious, liturgical context. That simplicity always carried within it a potential religious sentiment, the lyrical insight to see creation in a new light and to rejoice in it. It does not matter whether or not the views on Creation of Matisse the man are orthodox. What he has done at Vence, as what the Communist artists Leger and Lurçat have done for the Church at Assy at the request of Father Couturier and Canon Devemy, can and does express a sincere religious sentiment.

Up until the seventeenth century the Church defended the supremacy of contemporary art. An end to the romantic nostalgia for the past of the last century may be in sight. Finally the obligation that every generation has to express its religious feeling in its own idiom may be conscientiously faced.

That is cause for rejoicing.

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Those Likely to Succeed

THEY WENT TO COLLEGE. By Ernest Havemann and Patricia Salter West. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

By DORIS GRUMBACH

THE facts in this volume came to light in 1947 when *Time* magazine sent a lengthy questionnaire to a sampling of college graduates in the U. S. It quizzed them thoroughly about their present lives, their convictions, their backgrounds and college careers, and their feelings about the value to them of their advanced education. Granted that *Time's* motives in conducting the survey were not entirely unsullied by the concerns of its circulation department, the results are still interesting, and the authors, a *Life* writer and a trained sociologist, have put them into highly readable prose. The fifty-two illustrative charts might have told the story as well, but the narrative is worth going through, if only to provide one with more spacious grounds for dissent.

The survey considers the folklore about college graduates and effectively dispels it, in this manner:

- The fiction: the poor have the most children. The fact: The more money a graduate makes the more children he has. Seventy-one percent of those making over $7,500 a year had two or more children; percentages fall off rapidly as income decreases.
- College is a marriage mill. To the contrary, 31% of all coed graduates were found to be unmarried, as contrasted to 13% of all adult women in the U. S. at the time of the survey. (When the breakdown was made along religious lines, it was found that 48 out of every 100 Catholic women graduates had never been married!)
- The Phi Beta Kappas and Big Men On Campus are Most Likely to Succeed. Not at all. College grades, or participation in extra-curricular activities made little difference in the ultimate financial success or failure of the graduate. What did seem to affect their attainment in later life (and it should be noted that, for the purpose of this survey, success is calculated entirely in terms of monetary values) is the college they went to, the degree of financial independence they had when they entered college and during the college years, and, paradoxically enough, their *faith*. Thus, an Ivy League college graduate whose way was paid by his parents and who is *Jewish,* ends up in the highest money-making class. The Catholic State University graduate who worked his way through is likely to be at the bottom of the class. *That* for the Horatio Alger legend!
- Graduates are radical. The greatest percentage, to the contrary, is Republican, slightly international-minded, strongly opposed to the New Deal, government controls, interference, etc.
- College undercuts all religious belief. It was found that college left the Catholics their faith undisturbed, the Protestants a little less of theirs, and maintained the Jews in their agnosticism. About four out of five Catholic men said they went to Church every week. Forty-six percent of Protestants did, and 12% of the Jews.

There is much in these statistical revelations that is disturbing. If this is a fair and accurate sampling it establishes a body of facts about the surest way to financial success in the United States. It correlates prevalent American thinking with that of the editors of *Time* and the authors of this book: it predicates a single standard of value, the achievement of a salary level above $7,500, as the sole criterion of success in our society.

What of the enormous values of satisfaction, pride and self-realization that are not contained in this standard? What of the well-trained man who, of his own volition, chooses an ill-paid profession and within its frame of reference finds complete "success" of another order? He is the failure, or the "low group" inhabitant of the survey . . . And even within the completely monetary consideration there are grave doubts of the conclusion that college attendance gave the graduates a large edge over those who did not go to college.

I wonder if some sort of control could not be set up whereby 9,000 of the top high school graduates of the last forty years who did *not* go to college would be queried as these graduates were. I wonder if there is not a chance that a similar and parallel financial distribution would be found. It is hardly fair, as the authors do continually, to compare their graduate group with the *general* population rather than with another selected group of the kind that a high-school graduate sampling would provide.

This is no book for a youngster trying to decide whether or not to go to college. It will not confirm him in his choice of a profession which might reward him in uncountable ways other than the husky bank account, because it makes no mention whatever of these other things. Nor is it a book for the reminiscing graduate in which to browse; for I find myself wondering at the verbal rosiness and content expressed almost universally, and at the self-estimates of tolerant attitudes and lack of bigotry.

It may be, too, that the coeds, with no exceptions, settled down to domesticity and child-rearing with enriched minds and widened horizons, as they claim, but I doubt it. The widespread discontent, restlessness and neuroses in this group have not, understandably, been put down in the questionnaire's neat blanks.

This is, one must conclude, a book designed to interest those for whom the data was originally collected: the editors, advertising managers and circulation men of the publication whose readership is 77% college-trained. It might sit on their shelves beside Fowler, Roget, Dun and Bradstreet and bound volumes of the *Wall Street Journal,* affording them all a certain glow of pleasurable self-assurance.

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Mauriac As Exasperated Lover

THE STUMBLING BLOCK. By Francois Mauriac. Philosophical Library. $2.75.

By JOHN W. SIMONS

IT is hard to know the value of this seventy-nine page examen, with its alternating moods of attraction and repulsion, accusation and withdrawal, querulousness and tenderness. The Church is the "stumbling block" which Mauriac confronts in his declining years, not so much as a critic, but as an exasperated lover. It is an uneasy book because the author is himself uneasy, and he is never quite sure of why he has written it or whether it should have been written at all.

The reviewer is discomfited too. He not only shares in the author's uncertainties, but he knows in advance that Mauriac will resent it if his book is regarded as an "object" to be appraised. One does not look for a clinical disinterestedness in the scoldings of a lover. Yet, if the book is to have more than a confessional value, the scoldings must be examined for their validity. And so I must point to what I consider objective weaknesses of Mauriac's position *vis-à-vis* the Church.

We begin with his avowed "antipathy for theology." Mauriac seems to think that by making God the object of a science we somehow rationalize Him and render Him remote and unreal. This, of course, is the complaint of the "crisis theologians" and its basic weakness is exposed in the encyclical *Humani Generis*. In so far as it is construed as a complaint against theologians rather than against theology it has a usefulness. Theological speculation, as Aquinas so well knew, is no substitute for the *vinculum caritatis*.

Mauriac's temperamental antipathy creates its own imaginary stumbling blocks. As a result of it his concept of the nature of the Church is muddled. He is attracted by a single aspect—that of the invisible Kingdom of Grace—and is repelled by its visible and institutional aspect. This leads him to speak of the Church as being "condemned to an establishment," as if embodiment were a sort of Manichean catastrophe. He speaks of the "doctrine" of the body and soul of the Church in a way which does violence to the express doctrine of the encyclical *Mystici Corporis,* which had been published five years before his essay. He speaks of Grace as an "invasion" and a "total occupation," and these terms, even when we grant that they are literary rather than technical, have a regrettably deterministic flavor. He misunderstands the Blessed Virgin's role as the "mediatrix of all Grace," and calls on Newman for support. A passage in the *Apologia* (1864) gives him comfort, but had he read another in *The Development of Christian Doctrine* (edition of 1878) he would have seen that Newman resolves his difficulty on the basis of theology.

I mention these weaknesses, not for their own sake, but because I

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think Mauriac's *malaise* is in part due to these imprecisions. He pays the penalty for his theological antipathies. For the rest, the book may be profitably read for its condemnation of real abuses, its plea for a more intense spiritual life, and its lyric exaltation of supernatural charity. On the whole, however, Mauriac is a much more impressive figure in the *atelier* than in the pulpit of *Figaro*.

Sound and Fury

A HUSBAND IN THE HOUSE. By Stuart Engstrand. Farrar, Straus and Young. $3.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

STUART Engstrand is one of the many American writers who have made their reputations on sensational novels. *The Sling and the Arrow* dealt with an abnormal marriage; *Beyond the Forest* (which became, in Hollywood, another taut-and-fraught starring vehicle for Bette Davis) with a loveless woman; *Son of the Giant* with a son-versus-father situation.

The newest Engstrand novel exhibits no slackening of tension. This time it is a father-in-law-versus-son-in-law theme, with variations.

Sven Stream, an honest, hard working farmer of middle years, enjoys more than the usual fatherly attachment for his daughter, Laura. In his own words, Laura often seems to him as much wife as child.

As might be expected, this leads to complications when Laura reaches marriageable age and settles on Carl Hedman, the next-door-neighbor, as the man of her choice. On the eve of the wedding Sven causes a team of horses to trample Carl into semi-paralysis. This postpones but does not avert the marriage. Once wed, however, Laura decides that the man she really loves is Carl's younger brother, and while toying with the notion of an annulment of the marriage, she embarks on an affair with him.

These dreary incidents are recorded without remarkable artistry or emotional power, and did not seem worth pursuing long enough to discover how it all came out. The bald and mechanical effect of the novel suggests strongly that Mr. Engstrand constructed this story, like his others, as a portmanteau for a deliberately "startling" theme. Since the characters never succeed in seeming consequential to the reader, however, the chills, spills and thrills offered therein have about the impact of a cream puff fired at long range.

Man of the Footlights

HENRY IRVING. By Laurence Irving. Macmillan. $10.

By JOHN COURNOS

THIS is not only the life of the greatest actor of the Victorian era, well told by his grandson, but also a valuable contribution to the history of the theatre. When Irving, while still Johnnie Brodribb, was driven by an inner compulsion of his poverty-stricken boyhood to become an actor, the English stage was in a moribund condition. An actor's training in the prevalent stock companies was an arduous matter. It is worthy of note that by the time Irving reached the age of thirty-three he had already played some six hundred and thirty parts, and yet had not attained success. It was a year later, at thirty-four, that he burst upon the breathless public with *The Bells,* a French play he made his own by the sheer genius of his original interpretation; it amounted to a stage revolution. Overnight Irving became famous. It was an event saddened for him by a discontented wife who, immediately after his triumph, when he felt exultant, threw a wet blanket on his elation by an unworthy comment. Wounded as he had been for years by unkindness, this proved the last straw, and though there had been a reconciliation over a previous difference he stopped the hired brougham in which he and his wife were travelling from the theatre and walked

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away, never to speak to her again. He did not do this lightly, for he was an affectionate husband.

Actors did not make the fortunes in those days they make today. For years, Irving had drawn only fifteen pounds as his weekly pay, and it was only after a repetition of some of his greatest triumphs that his wage was doubled by the appreciative Bateman of the Lyceum. Above all, he loved Shakespeare, and as soon as it became practicable Shakespearean drama was the keystone of his repertory. Irving's Hamlet broke with tradition, and all the succeeding Hamlets, influenced by his, have been attempts "to blend natural truth with romanticism." This reviewer, in his youth, had the good fortune to see Irving in several plays, including *The Merchant of Venice,* whose Shylock he infused with a tragic humanity previously lacking, influencing the stage Shylocks yet to come. It was an unforgettable performance.

The acting profession owes Irving a great debt; he made acting a respected and honorable profession. The malice of George Bernard Shaw, the foolish condescension of Henry James in the role of drama critic, the surprising pettiness of John Ruskin, have done nothing to mar Irving's justified fame. This, on the whole, is a fine biography, though somewhat repetitious. It would have gained immeasurably by a little judicious pruning.

Behind a Curtain

VISA TO MOSCOW. By Michel Gordey. Knopf. $4.50.

By EDWARD S. SKILLIN

THE French journalist who suddenly received permission to make a short visit to the Soviet Union two years ago presents a rather frightening picture of a thoroughly conditioned people. In the course of two months he was able to engage only a single Russian in any genuine exchange of views—and that in the privacy of a compartment of a speeding train. People don't dare talk to a stranger.

Mr. Gordey is of Russian parentage and speaks the language perfectly. He listened in to countless conversations. Yet not once did he hear an expression of opposition to the Stalin regime. He went to a number of skilfully presented propaganda plays and found that it was the reiterated Soviet slogan which evoked the heartiest and most spontaneous applause. He found complete trust in what the Kremlin ordered and permitted to appear in the newspapers, which are violently anti-American.

Moreover, the previous undisciplined Russians now are models of public conduct. They scrupulously obey traffic rules. They do not grumble over shut-downs or shortages and wait patiently in line by the hour. All in all they appear to have so adapted themselves to their chains in the past thirty years that

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they are not even conscious of them. Only the older people appear tense or unhappy.

Two aspects of Michel Gordey's picture should prove particularly challenging to Americans. One is the pervading atmosphere of a nation united in working for a great goal, of building for a glorious national future stone by stone. From the priorities lavished on the children to the largest reclamation project the author perceives a consistent pattern of building for the great socialist society of the future.

The modern Russian appears to be a serious and voracious reader. The total number of books printed and circulated in the USSR during the past three decades is astronomical—more than half a million of Stalin's works alone. Nearly everyone reads a book as he is transported to and from his work; the libraries of individual factories contain volumes by the thousands. Authors permitted include the Russian masters except Dostoyevsky and such representatives of the West as Balzac, Hugo, Stendhal, Dickens and Shakespeare. The people also make the most of the many-sided facilities of the official Culture Parks. Contrast all this leisure-with-a-purpose with our own devotion to TV.

Because every foreigner is regarded as a potential spy, Mr. Gordey could not see a lot of things—not even a single collective farm. There are guards at every public edifice, be it only a day nursery. Passes are hard to come by. The author is unsparing in his criticisms of the Kremlin's attitude toward the world outside. But it may be significant that in his enthusiasm for the people's goal he betrays no interest in the state of religion in the USSR. He says not a word about the newly subject peoples. When Mr. Gordey talks about aggression, he does so as a Russian. Otherwise his findings have a truly objective ring.

They Flock Together

THE GOSHAWK. By T. H. White. Putnam. $3.50.

By JOHN C. CORT

PEOPLE who love birds are usually at a loss to explain why. To the average man a bird is a bird, and what of it? Now and then a man comes along who can explain this peculiar passion and all the bird-watchers rejoice.

There should be rejoicing in the bird clubs at the publication of *The Goshawk* by T. H. White. Mr. White, English author of *The Sword and the Stone* and other medieval fantasies, is something of a wizard. He has taken the story of a hawk and his own attempts to train it and has fashioned a small masterpiece out of it. I believe that even non-bird-lovers will be fascinated.

There is a school of birders who pledge their first loyalty to the raptors, the birds of prey. We are a fanatical bunch. Perhaps the hawks appeal to some suppressed lust for destruction in our nature. Certainly

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they should appeal to everybody's love for freedom and flight, power and beauty and glory.

Mr. White is definitely one of the boys, plus a genius who can write like a breeze. The goshawk is one of the larger, more magnificent and more intractable of the hawks and this particular one seems to have aroused all the eloquence, erudition, poetry, humor and passion of which Mr. White is so splendidly capable.

This is how he describes the goshawk's first long flight to his wrist for food: "To fly: the horrible aerial toad, the silent-feathered owl, the hump-backed aviating Richard III, he made toward me close to the ground. His wings beat with a measured purpose, the two eyes of his low-held head fixed me with a ghoulish concentration: but like head-lamps, like the forward-fixed eyes of a rower through the air who knew his quay. The French called him *rameur* as well as *cuisinier*. Too frighteningly for words . . . too menacingly he flew, not toward the at-right-angles-held-out beef, but directly toward my face. At five paces nerve broke. I ducked, still holding the beef at the stretch of my arm, and stayed coweringly for two beats of the heart."

When Mr. White loses his beloved Gos, the book takes on the quality of a detective story. Later it takes on the quality of the universal tragedy of man's love for that lost, inaccessible beauty which even Mr. White isn't wise enough to recognize can be recovered only in the enjoyment of Him who fashioned both hawk and man.

But for what he has recognized and what he has written in *The Goshawk* Mr. White deserves our humble thanks. This is a beautiful book.

REVIEWERS

Doris Grumbach is a former member of the Time staff.

Rev. John W. Simons teaches at Immaculata College in Pennsylvania.

Jean Holzhauer contributes regularly to the Catholic Messenger of Davenport, Iowa.

John Cournos, who reviews for several leading literary supplements, is a well-known anthologist.

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